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LITTLE BLACK SAMBO

Once upon a time there was a little black boy, and his name was Little Black Sambo.

And his Mother was called Black Mumbo.

And his Father was called Black Jumbo.

And Black Mumbo made him a beautiful little Red Coat, and a pair of beautiful little Blue Trousers.

And Black Jumbo went to the Bazaar, and bought him a beautiful Green Umbrella, and a lovely little Pair of Purple Shoes with Crimson Soles and Crimson Linings.

And then wasn't Little Black Sambo grand?

So he put on all his Fine Clothes, and went out for a walk in the Jungle. And by and by he met a Tiger. And the Tiger said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please, Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and

I'll give you my beautiful little Red Coat." So the Tiger said, "Very well, I won't eat you this time, but you must give me your me your beautiful little Blue Trousers." So the Tiger got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful little Blue Trousers, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

And Little Black Sambo went on, and by and by he met another Tiger, and it said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please, Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little Blue Trousers." So the Tiger said, "Very well, I won't eat you this time, but you must give me your beautiful Blue Trousers." So the Tiger got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful little Blue Trousers, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

And Little Black Sambo went on and by and by he met another Tiger, and it said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please, Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful little Purple Shoes with Crimson Soles and Crimson Linings."

But the Tiger said, "What use would your

shoes be to me? I've got four feet, and you've got only two; you haven't got enough shoes for me."

But Little Black Sambo said, "You could wear them on your ears."

"So I could," said the Tiger. "That's a very good idea. Give them to me, and I won't eat you this time."

So the Tiger got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful little Purple Shoes with Crimson Soles and Crimson Linings, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

And by and by Little Black Sambo met another Tiger, and it said to him, "Little Black Sambo, I'm going to eat you up!" And Little Black Sambo said, "Oh! Please, Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll give you my beautiful Green Umbrella." But the Tiger said, "How can I carry an umbrella, when I need all my paws for walking with?"

"You could tie a knot in your tail and carry it that way," said Little Black Sambo. "So I could," said the Tiger. "Give it to me, and I won't eat you this time." So he got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful Green Umbrella, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."

And poor Little Black Sambo went away crying, because the cruel Tigers had taken all his fine clothes.

Presently he heard a horrible noise that sounded like "Gr-r-r-rrrrrrr," and it got louder and louder. "Oh! dear!" said Little Black Sambo, "there are all the Tigers coming back to eat me up! What shall I do?" So he ran quickly to a palm-tree, and peeped round it to see what the matter was.

And there he saw all the Tigers fighting, and disputing which of them was the grandest. And at last they all got so angry that they jumped up and took off all the fine clothes, and began to tear each other with their claws, and bite each other with their great big white teeth.

And they came, rolling and tumbling right to the foot of the very tree where Little Black Sambo was hiding, but he jumped quickly in behind the umbrella. And the Tigers all caught hold of each others' tails, as they wrangled and scrambled, and so they found themselves in a ring round the tree.

Then, when the Tigers were very wee and very far away, Little Black Sambo jumped up, and called out, "Oh! Tigers! why have you taken off all your nice clothes? Don't

you want them any more?" But the Tigers only answered, "Gr-r-rrrr!"

Then Little Black Sambo said, "If you want them, say so, or I'll take them away." But the Tigers would not let go of each others' tails, and so they could only say, "Gr-r-r-rrrrrr!"

So Little Black Sambo put on all his fine clothes again and walked off.

And the Tigers were very, very angry, but still they would not let go of each others' tails. And they were so angry, that they ran round the tree, trying to eat each other up, and they ran faster and faster, till they were whirling round so fast that you couldn't see their legs at all.

And they ran still faster and faster and faster, till they all just melted away, and there was nothing left but a great big pool of melted butter (or "ghi," as it is called in India) round the foot of the tree.

Now Black Jumbo was just coming home from his work, with a great big brass pot in his arms, and when he saw what was left of all the Tigers he said, "Oh! what lovely melted butter! I'll take that home to Black Mumbo for her to cook with."

So he put it all into the great big brass pot,

and took it home to Black Mumbo to cook with.

When Black Mumbo saw the melted butter, wasn't she pleased! "Now," said she, "we'll all have pancakes for supper!"

So she got flour and eggs and milk and sugar and butter, and she made a huge big plate of most lovely pancakes. And she fried them in the melted butter which the Tigers had made, and they were just as yellow and brown as little Tigers.

And then they all sat down to supper. And Black Mumbo ate Twenty-seven pancakes.

And Black Jumbo ate Fifty-five.

But Little Black Sambo ate a Hundred and Sixty-nine, because he was so hungry.

THE GRATEFUL SWAN

One day there was a poor peddler trudging along a dusty road. Upon his back he carried a very heavy pack.

All at once he felt something come down, flippity-flop, right on his pack. He stood still. He looked east and he looked west. Then he looked north and he looked south. He could not see anything. He was frightened. First he turned red, then he turned

white, then he bent his back lower and travelled ahead.

The sun was going down when he entered his door. He soon loosened the straps from his shoulders.

Then up sprang his wife crying, "Bless your heart, John, here is a swan sitting atop of your pack.

"A wing like a lily,
A beak like a rose;
Now good luck go with her
Wherever she goes."

"Dear me," cried the peddler, "it certainly is good luck." He reached down and picked the swan up, and said, "What fulness of crop! No wonder I felt her when she came down, flippity-flop, upon my pack. Why, my good wife, I have carried the weight of this bird on my pack for ten miles."

"Perhaps," the wife answered, "she will lay a golden egg to pay you. But look, John, bless me, she has broken her leg."

Then the peddler's wife went to the cupboard. Here she had placed the supper for John and herself. She brought the best part of this supper and fed it to the swan.

"No wonder," said John, "that she wanted to ride on my pack. Poor thing, she would

not want to fly when her leg hurt her so much. We must do what we can to cure her leg."

Then John ran straight to his pack for a bandage, while Jannet, the good wife, broke splints from an old fan.

They didn't think any longer about a golden egg. They were too interested in curing the poor swan. All tenderly they held her and bound up the leg.

Of course two such good nurses effected a cure, but when the leg got well it was stiff. Even so, that was better than no leg at all.

All summer they lived together; the swan, Jannet, and John.

At length, when the leaves
In the garden grew brown,
The bird came one day
With her head hanging down;

And told her kind master
And mistress so dear,
She was going to leave them
Perhaps for a year.

"What mean you?" cried John.

"What mean you?" cried Jannet. "We cannot live without you. Please do not go away!"

"You will see that I will come back here again."

And so, with the tears
Rolling down, drip-a-drop,
She lifted her snowy wings,
Flippity-flop!

She rose up in the air, and stretching her legs and her neck she sailed away. John and Jannet stood looking, till all they could see was a little white speck.

"Ah," said Jannet, "I am sorry to see her go away."

"She is a beautiful bird," said John.

"A wing like a lily,
A beak like a rose;
And good luck go with her
Wherever she goes!"

Then came a long winter, but it finally passed away as all winters do. When the winter was gone and the daffodils were beginning to show their bright heads, Jannet began to make her garden.

One day when she was in the garden making flower beds she saw a speck of white in the distance. She shaded her eyes with her

hand and looked steadily for a moment. Sure enough the white speck was coming nearer! There was now no doubt about it. It was the swan returning. Then it sailed right up to the garden path and came down, flippity-flop.

One moment of wonder, then Jannet cried, "Oh John, here is our swan just as true as you are a living man. Do look at her sleek feathers. She has just come from the south. But what is this shining thing she is carrying in her mouth?"

Then the swan came near and dropped the shining thing into Jannet's nice blue apron.

"A diamond!" cried John. "As sure as the world, it is a fine diamond."

Then the grateful swan held up her wounded leg and danced her great wings about, flippity-flop, as if she were saying, "I am now paying you for mending my leg."

"I never beheld such a bird In my life!" Cried Johnny, the peddler; "Nor I!" said his wife.

THE GOOSE

It was a wild, stormy day. The wind was blowing a gale. It blew around a tumble-

down house, until the roof almost blew in.
Inside this old hut lived a poor old woman.
Her clothes were so ragged they scarcely held together.

Every time the wind howled, she would shiver and shake. What little fire she had finally went out. There was nothing to eat in the house.

The poor woman heard a knock at the door. She hurried to open it, for she thought it might be someone who could not stand the cold wind.

There stood a man with a goose under his arm.

"Take this goose and keep you warm," said the stranger.—And walked away.

"Why, what in the world!" began the old woman. But the stranger was gone.

The woman caught the goose by the leg. As she did so, a golden egg fell to the floor.

She dropped the goose, and snatched up the egg. Then she ran to her neighbors.

"Look here!" she panted. "A stranger knocked at my door. When I opened it he handed me a goose, and then he left. As soon as I took the goose, she let fall this golden egg!"

Much excited, she went home again. Then

she went to the store and bought some warm clothing and something to eat.

Every day the goose laid a golden egg. So day by day the woman grew richer. She now had fine clothes, and plenty to eat. She even had maids to wait upon her.

The grave churchwarden bowed to her now, and the Parson smirked and nodded.

Now the goose would cackle every time she laid an egg. And every day her cackling grew louder. This annoyed the old lady.

She forgot from whom all her food and wealth and fine clothes came.

"Go! Take that goose, and wring her neck!" she cried angrily to her servant. "I will listen no longer to that horrid clacking and cackling! Go! Take her away!"

Then yelped the cur, and yawled the cat; Ran Gaffer, stumbled Gammer, The goose flew this way and flew that, And filled the house with clamor.

And then the door opened.—And in walked the stranger. He took the goose upon his arm. He was very angry. "Whether you starve or freeze now, it doesn't make any difference to me. I tried to help you once, and this is how you repay me."

Off he went with the goose under his arm. Then the wind began to howl. It shook the house until the rafters trembled. The glass blew in—the fire blew out—a whirlwind came and cleared the larder.

All the servants ran away from the house. The old woman was again left alone. She cried out, "Away with the goose, and God forget the stranger!"

As soon as she had said these words, she was again lean and poor, and her rags scarce held together. She was just the same poor old woman as she was before the stranger came with the goose that laid the golden eggs.

DAN AND DIMPLE, AND HOW THEY QUARRELED

Dan and Dimple had been playing all afternoon. But they were growing tired of their play.

"I wish we could take the horse out for a ride," said Dan.

"Mother never would let us," answered Dimple.

"But it would be lots of fun. He is such a fine horse. I like his pretty color," said Dan.

"I like his pretty gray tail," said Dimple.

"Ho!" laughed Dan. "His tail isn't gray. It's sorrel."

"What are you talking about, Dan. Of

course it's gray."

"Gray! It's as gray as mother's shawl—and that's red!"

"I tell you it is gray!" screamed Dimple, very angry now.

"And I tell you it's red!" shouted Dan,

who had grown angry, too.

Then Dimple struck Dan, and Dan struck back at Dimple.

Just then Mother came hurrying out.

Dimple sobbed out the story.

"Why, you foolish little people. If you would only run down to the stable, you could settle the question at once."

So down they rushed—tears and blows for-

gotten.

Soon they came running back, all aglee with laughter. And what do you think they shouted?—

"It's BLACK! It's BLACK!"

THE WISE FAIRY

Once, in a rough, wild country, On the other side of the sea, There lived a dear little fairy,And her home was in a tree.A dear little, queer little fairy,And as rich as she could be.

To northward and to southward,
She could overlook the land,
And that was why she had her house
In a tree, you understand.
For she was the friend of the friendless,
And her heart was in her hand.

And when she saw poor women
Patiently, day by day,
Spinning, spinning, and spinning
Their lonesome lives away,
She would hide in the flax of their distaffs
A lump of gold, they say.

And when she saw poor ditchers,
Knee-deep in some wet dyke,
Digging, digging, and digging,
To their very graves, belike,
She would hide a shining lump of gold
Where their spades would be sure to strike.

And when she saw poor children

Their goats from the pastures take,

Or saw them milking and milking,
Till their arms were ready to break,
What a splashing in their milking-pails
Her gifts of gold would make!

Sometimes in the night, a fisher
Would hear her sweet low call,
And all at once a salmon of gold
Right out of his net would fall;
But what I have to tell you
Is the strangest thing of all.

If any ditcher, or fisher,
Or child, or spinner old,
Bought shoes for his feet, or bread to eat,
Or a coat to keep from the cold,
The gift of the good old fairy
Was always trusty gold.

But if a ditcher, or fisher,
Or spinner, or child so gay,
Bought jewels, or wine, or silks so fine,
Or staked his pleasure at play,
The fairy's gold in his very hold
Would turn to a lump of clay.

So, by and by the people Got open their stupid eyes:

"We must learn to spend to some good end,"
They said, "if we are wise;
"Tis not in the gold we waste or hold,
That a golden blessing lies."

—Alice Cary

BARBARA BLUE

There was an old woman
Named Barbara Blue,
But not the old woman
Who lived in a shoe,
And didn't know what
With her children to do.

Barbara Blue lived all alone. Not a chick nor a child had she. All she had was a little dog to keep her company.

But the little dog wasn't very happy because he didn't get enough to eat. Barbara Blue would often give him only one bone a week!

Nobody liked Barbara Blue. She didn't talk much, and people said it was because she was too stingy to even speak!

She made her living by selling apple-tarts. And she made them tart, indeed. You see, she bought the sour apples because they were cheaper. Then she wouldn't use much sugar,

because "Sugar costs money," she said.

They were so sour that when the children ate them their mouths would smart.

One day Barbara Blue made a new batch of tarts. She put even less sugar than usual in them.

She took a big basket and filled it way up to the top with tarts. She put the basket in her cart, and hitched up the old horse. Then off they started to town.

As she was going along, she met a farmer. This farmer was a very generous man.

"Good morning, Barbara Blue," he called to her.

"Good-mornin'," she answered crossly.

"I see you have just made some appletarts," said the farmer.

"Yes," answered Barbara Blue briefly.

"Well," went on the farmer, "I have some lovely, sweet apples in my orchard. They would make excellent tarts. All the people like them."

"What do you sell them for?" asked Barbara Blue.

"Why, if you want only
A bushel or two,"
Said the farmer, "I don't mind
To give them to you."

Barbara Blue was so surprised she couldn't speak for a minute or two.

"Give them to me!" she finally gasped. You see, Barbara Blue had never given away anything in her life. She didn't know how much fun it is.

"Why, yes," said the farmer. "If you will just give me one of your tarts, I'll show you the orchard. And then you can help yourself."

Now, Barbara Blue had a great big basket full of tarts. She had them all sizes, and some were nice big ones. But she picked out the smallest one she could find. It was burned at the top. She handed this to the farmer. Then she said, "I haven't time to stop," and away she went, hippity-hop!

Barbara Blue waited until one night when it was snowing. She had thought of a scheme, and she didn't want anybody to see her.

She took the old cart and horse, and started toward the farmer's. It was snowing so fast she knew the farmer wouldn't ever see her.

She came to the orchard. And Barbara Blue smiled with satisfaction. What beautiful apples were on the trees! They looked so pretty hanging on the branches in their

shining red coats.

Barbara Blue got busy. Instead of the two bushels the farmer had so kindly told her she could have, she took twenty! Now what do you think of that?

She filled her cart full. And then she heaped it till not another apple would stay

on.

Then she climbed into the cart. "Giddy-

ap!" she said, and off they started.

Now, the cart was so full that every once in a while an apple or two would fall off. Every time one fell, Barbara Blue would hop down and pick it up. Then she would climb back up, and away they would go, hippityhop!

Her horse now would stumble, And now he would fall, And where the high river-bank Sloped like a wall, Sheer down, they went over it, Apples and all!

THE HAPPY LITTLE WIFE

Once upon a time there lived a man named Gudhand, who had only one cow. He drove this cow to town to sell her. He was gone all day. When he returned home his good wife met him at the door.

"Now, Gudhand," said she, "have you sold the cow you took to town this morning?

"I am sure you did and have the silver in your pocket now. I don't need to ask you. You don't need to tell me, for you look so cheerful I know that you have done right well."

"Well! I did not exactly sell her,
Nor give her away, of course;
But I'll tell you what I did, good wife,
I swapped her for a horse."

"A horse? Oh, Gudhand, you have done just what will please me best. We can have a carriage now and we will hitch up the horse and drive around in fine style."

"Nay, not so fast, my good dame,
We shall not want a gig:
I had not ridden half a mile
Till I swapped my horse for a pig."

"That's just the thing," she answered, "I, myself, would have done. We can now have plenty of bacon to put upon the shelf, and

when our neighbors come to dine with us we shall have plenty to eat.

"There is no need that we should have a horse and carriage, and ride out in style, but there is need that we should have good things to place upon the table."

"I fear you'll change your note,
When I tell you I haven't got the pig—
I swapped him for a goat."

"You manage things so well. I don't know what I should ever do with a pig. It would be sure to get out of the pen; and if we should make it into bacon, and put it upon the shelf, people would say we are greedy." The folks would point to us and say, 'They eat up all they've got.'

"But a good milk goat, ah, that's the thing. I've wanted a milk goat all my life. Now we'll have both milk and cheese," said the happy little wife.

"You make too long a leap;
When I found I couldn't drive my goat
I swapped him for a sheep."

"A sheep, my dear? You must have tried to suit me all the time. A goat would be so very hard to keep. It would climb over the fence and run away. It surely would plague me a great deal, but a sheep—the wool will make us clothes. We shall not be cold this winter. Run out and build a fold for him this very night."

"Nay, wife, it isn't I that cares
If he be penned or loosed:
I do not own the sheep at all,
I swapped him for a goose."

"There, Gudhand, I am so relieved. It would be a great deal of work to clip and wash and pick the wool. It makes me weary to think of the work I should have in spinning and weaving our clothes. It is cheaper, too, to buy our clothes than to make them up at home. Then I haven't a carding-comb nor a spinning wheel.

"But a goose—I love the taste of goose. Nice fat goose, roasted brown is very hard to beat, and then we shall have pillows and feather beds. You couldn't have done better, my dear Gudhand."

"Your tongue runs like a clock;
The goose is neither here nor there,
I swapped him for a cock."

"Dear me, you manage everything just to my own liking. We'll know now when to get up. The cock will crow and wake us early. . We'll be sure to rise before the sun.

"A goose would be quite troublesome for me to stuff and roast, and then our pillows and our beds are already as soft as we can wish."

"Well, soft or hard," said Gudhand,
"I guess they'll have to do;
And that we'll have to wake at morn,
Without the crowing, too!

"For you know I couldn't travel
All day with naught to eat;
So I took a shilling for my cock,
And bought myself some meat."

"That was the wisest thing of all,"
Said the good wife, fond and true;
"You do just after my own heart,
Whatever thing you do.

"We do not want a cock to crow,
Nor want a clock to strike;
Thank God that we may lie in bed
As long now as we like!"

And then she took him by the beard
That fell about his throat,
And said, "While you are mine, want
Nor goose, nor swine, nor goat!"

And so the wife kissed Gudhand, And Gudhand kissed his wife; And they promised to each other To be all in all through life.

THE ENVIOUS WREN

Up in a big tree lived a tiny wren. Down on the ground lived a fine, fat hen.

Every morning, noon, and night the farmer's wife would come and throw out wheat and corn, and other good food for the hen to eat.

Biddy, for that was the hen's name, would come running when she heard the farmer's wife call. Clucking loudly, she would eat her breakfast, dinner, or supper, as the case might be.

She was a happy, contented body. Because

she ate so much, and was so contented, she grew very plump.

Now, the tiny wren had noticed that the farmer's wife would come out three times a day, and feed Biddy. At first the wren thought how fortunate Biddy was. Then she began to think it wasn't fair.

"Why," she said, "I have to fly around, and hunt every single worm or crumb I eat. No wonder I'm thin and small. If someone would feed me, like they do Biddy, I'd be just as plump and big as she is.

"I don't see why she can walk around and play all day, and then have her meals brought to her. I have to worry about every meal nobody ever gives me anything!"

And the more the tiny wren thought about it, the angrier she became. Finally, she resolved to go down and visit Biddy. She thought that if she hopped about on the ground, somebody would feed her, too.

So down she flew—straight to the hen.

Biddy was very polite, and said, "Won't you stop to tea?"

"Thank you," said the tiny wren. "I shall be delighted to stay and have tea with you."

They did not have long to wait, which suited the tiny wren very well.

And soon Biddy's supper was sent;
But scarce stopping to taste,
The poor bird left in haste,
And this was the reason she went:

When the farmer's kind dame
To the poultry yard came,
She said—and the wren shook with fright—
"Biddy's so fat she'll do
For a pie or a stew,
And I guess I shall kill her to-night."

A LEGEND OF THE NORTHLAND

Away, away in the Northland,
Where the hours of the day are few,
And the nights are so long in winter,
They cannot sleep them through;

Where they harness the swift reindeer
To the sledges, when it snows;
And the children look like bear's cubs
In their funny, furry clothes:

They tell them a curious story—
I don't believe 'tis true;
And yet you may learn a lesson
If I tell the tale to you.

Once, when the good Saint Peter Lived in the world below, And walked about preaching, Just as he did, you know;

He came to the door of a cottage,
In traveling round the earth,
Where a woman was making cakes,
And baking them on the hearth;

And being faint with fasting,

For the day was almost done,

He asked her, from her store of cakes,

To give him a single one.

So she made a very little cake,
But as it baking lay,
She looked at it, and thought it seemed
Too large to give away.

Therefore she kneaded another,
And still a smaller one;
But it looked, when she turned it over,
As large as the first had done.

Then she took a tiny scrap of dough,
And rolled and rolled it flat;
And baked it thin as a wafer—
But she couldn't part with that.

For she said, "My cakes that seem too small When I eat of them myself,
Are yet too large to give away."
So she put them on the shelf.

Then good Saint Peter grew angry,
For he was hungry and faint;
And surely such a woman
Was enough to provoke a saint.

And he said, "You are far too selfish
To dwell in a human form,
To have both food and shelter,
And fire to keep you warm.

"Now, you shall build as the birds do,
And shall get your scanty food
By boring, and boring, and boring,
All day in the hard dry wood."

Then up she went through the chimney,
Never speaking a word,
And out of the top flew a woodpecker,
For she was changed to a bird.

She had a scarlet cap on her head, ,
And that was left the same,
But all the rest of her clothes were burned
Black as a coal in the flame.

And every country school-boy
Has seen her in the wood;
Where she lives in the trees till this very day,
Boring and boring for food.

And this is the lesson she teaches:
Live not for yourself alone,
Lest the needs you will not pity
Shall one day be your own.

Give plenty of what is given to you,
Listen to pity's call;
Don't think the little you give is great,
And the much you get is small.

Now, my little boy, remember that,
And try to be kind and good,
When you see the woodpecker's sooty dress,
And see her scarlet hood.

You mayn't be changed to a bird though you live

As selfishly as you can;

But you will be changed to a smaller thing—A mean and selfish man.

-Phoebe Cary.

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